

1. America

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

S.F. Smith

Henry Carey (?)

mf Andante con moto

My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,

5 *f*

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the

10 *ff*

Pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain - side Let free - dom ring!

2. My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4. Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

5. We love thine inland seas,
Thy groves and giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,--
All thy domains.

6. Thy silver Eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Fronting the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy North's sweet, crystal air:
O Land beyond compare,
We love thee best!

Transcribed By Jennifer Lee



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